

# The Mirror

OF

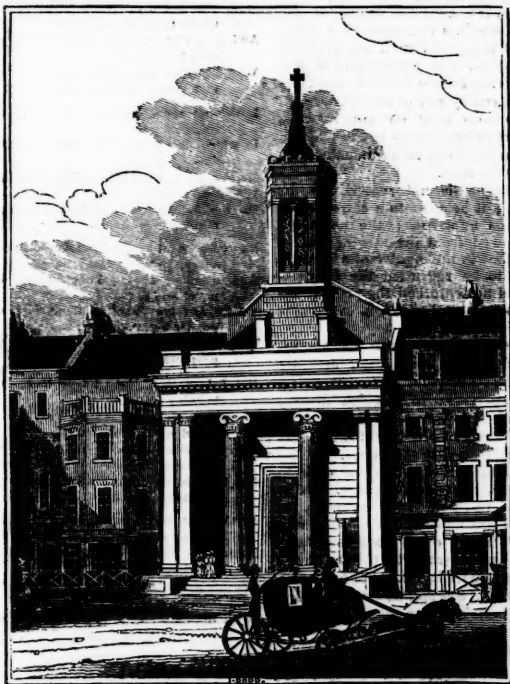
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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## St. Mark's Chapel. North Audley Street.



THE portico of this Chapel, which ranges with the houses on the eastern side of the street, is the only portion of the building open to public observation.

It is composed of two handsome columns and two piers, the latter ornamented with antæ in pairs, the columns fluted; the order is Ionic, from the Erechtheum. The whole is surmounted by an entablature composed of an architrave of three faces, a frieze and a dentil cornice of bold projection, the cymatium enriched with honeysuckles and charged with lions' heads at intervals; and crowned with a lofty blocking-course, having a pedestal at each end.

The tower, in consequence of its distance from the street (owing to the depth of the portico), can scarcely be

seen in a near point of view. The elevation is in two portions, first a cubical pedestal, which seems to be unnecessarily and uselessly guarded at the angles by square pedestal-formed buttresses; it is crowned by a cornice, and forms a stylobate to the second story, which is an irregular octagon in plan, the smaller sides placed against the angles of the square plan. At each angle of the superstructure is an anta, the intervals between which are open, the larger spaces filled to about a third of their height by a breastwork, and the remainder, which is divided in breadth by a small anta, is filled in with iron work, pierced in circles; the whole is surmounted by a neat entablature, the eaves enriched with Grecian tiles, and covered with a pyra-

midal stone roof. On the apex is a pedestal sustaining a gilt ball and cross. The portion before described is all that has any pretension to architectural character. The front of the body of the Chapel is shown in the engraving; above the portico, it is devoid of ornament, and the flanks are in a corresponding style; each flank is pierced with ten windows in two series, the upper arched and lofty; a string course of brick-work being introduced by way of impost cornice. These portions abut on small yards, from which are entrances to the Chapel, and the southern one communicates with a street in the rear.

The interior is not remarkable for originality; it belongs to a class unfortunately too numerous; the unbroken area borrowed from the meeting-house is so ill-suited to the dignity of a church, that it is to be regretted the commissioners had not enforced the ancient division into nave and aisles, in every new church of magnitude.

The west front and tower possess undoubted claims to originality, and are not devoid of elegance. The turret is a pleasing specimen of Grecian design. It approaches, however, to the common parent of modern Grecian towers, the Temple of the winds at Athens.

This building is a chapel of ease to St. George, Hanover-square. It is calculated to hold 1610 persons, of whom 784 are accommodated with free sittings. The royal commissioners made the same grant to this as to the others in the parish, viz. 5,555*l.* 11*s.* 1*d.* The first stone was laid on Sept. 7, 1825, and the building was consecrated on April 25, 1828.

The architect is Mr. J. P. Gandy-Deering.

The building at the right hand side of the chapel, in common with most of the houses in the street, shows the heavy style of Sir John Vanbrugh.\*

#### TO THE UNFORGIVING ONE.

(For the Mirror.)

I LOVE thee, oh I love thee, unforgiving as thou art,

With the wild ungovern'd passion, of a young, but broken heart.

Thou hast curs'd me for a folly, (for thou could'st not call it crime:)

And that dreadful curse has fallen like a midew o'er my prime.

Had I deem'd thy soul so haughty in its deep affection's tone,

That it might not brook one instant's dereliction of mine own.

Abridged from the "Gentleman's Magazine," November 1829.

I had fled the strong temptation, I've such fatal cause to rue,  
Still 'twas only fancy's error, for I never loved but you.

Yet he burst upon my vision, in such majesty of grace,

With a form the sculptor's gifted hand might vainly try to trace,

And eyes that shone so brightly through their jetty fringe's veil,

Was it marvel that my woman's heart beneath their glance should quail.

I will not speak the loveliness of that pure being's mind,

In which, like holy relics, sainted virtue lay enshrined:

He was good, confiding, noble, tender, generous to me;

He was faithful; but his faith caused all my faithlessness to thee.

But 'tis over. I awake from dreams, to realize a woe,

And an agony, whose pain beyond, my soul can never know.

I have lost thy love! on those wild words I ponder night and day,

They cloud my senses momentarily, and will not pass away.

Yet I love thee! how I love thee, let these burning tear-drops tell,

There is madness in the thought, that I have sigh'd my last farewell:

I may linger on in loneliness, a summer month or twain,

But the sun diffusing warmth, thy love, shall never feel again.

In the coldness of thy features, and thy dark averted eyes,

I read the altered feelings, no concealment could disguise;

We are parted, and for ever, on the earth I wander now

With thy curses clinging round me, and thy brand upon my brow.

J. H. H.

### The Naturalist.

GARDENS AND MENAGERIE OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY DELINEATED.

WE noticed the commencement of this publication about fifteen months since. It was then announced to appear periodically, in parts or numbers; but here we have the *Quadrupeds* of the Society in a goodly octavo of about 300 pages, printed in Mr. Whittingham's superlative style; with a wood-cut of each animal, and a *tail-piece* to each description. The Birds are, we conclude, to form another volume.

The descriptions are by E. T. Bennett, Esq., vice-secretary of the Zoological Society, which circumstance is highly recommendatory of the work: in the Preface, Mr. Bennett happily al-

ludes to the artists employed in its embellishments: "nor can he suffer this opportunity to pass, of offering his thanks to Mr. Harvey, for the patient attention with which he has watched the manners of the animals, for the purpose of investing their portraits with that natural expression in which zoological drawings are too often deficient; and to Messrs. Branston and Wright for the pains which they also have taken in making themselves masters of the subjects previous to the execution of the cuts."

Passing by the portion of the volume already noticed, next is the *Napu Musk Deer*, "an animal which, although completely unknown to the ancients, has become in modern times notorious over all the world for the peculiar odour of the secretion whence it derives its name. All the other species comprised in the genus are, however, destitute of the faculty of producing that costly perfume; and their union with the musk is founded upon the general agreement existing between them in more essential particulars. Still this remarkable difference, added to the great dissimilarity in the form and structure of their hoofs, and other minor points of discrepancy, furnishes an obvious means of subdividing the genus." In general form the Musk resembles a Stag in miniature; "but its face is proportionally much more elongated in front, its legs much more tapering and slender, and the height of their hinder parts much greater in comparison with that of their fore quarters."

The *Palm Squirrel*, (exquisitely engraved,) seems, according to Cuvier, to be intermediate between the tree-nesting and nut-cracking squirrels and the burrowing and frugivorous *Tamias*. They are common in India, and particularly plentiful in the towns and villages, taking up their abodes in the roofs of houses and in old walls, in the cavities of which the female deposits her young. They commit great devastations in the orchards, destroying and devouring all kinds of fruit; and are so familiar as even to enter the houses and pick up the crumbs that fall from the tables. Their name is derived from their being often seen on palm-trees, which in the east are always found in the neighbourhood of the habitations of men."

The *Dingo*, or *Australian Dog* is an excellent portrait. "In strength and agility it is superior to most other dogs of the same size, and it will attack, without hesitation those which are considerably larger than itself." An indi-

vidual in the Paris menagerie even evinced a disposition to fly upon the jaguars, leopards, and bears, whenever he caught a glimpse of them through the bars of his den. One described in Phillips' *Voyage to Botany Bay*, is said to have been so fierce that no other animal could approach him with safety. A poor ass had once nearly fallen a victim to his ferocity; and he has been known to run down both deer and sheep. His impatience in confinement is thus characteristically noted:—"he rarely becomes perfectly familiar even with those who are constantly about him; and of strangers he seems to live in continual dread. His constrained and skulking gait; the startled air which he suddenly assumes on the slightest unusual occurrence; the suspicious eagerness with which he watches the motions of those who approach him, clearly indicate that he is not at his ease in the society of civilized man."

The *Indian Ox* is another fine portrait. This specimen is one of the largest that has ever been seen in Europe. Epicurean visitors to the Gardens, may be interested in knowing that the hump, which is chiefly composed of fat, is reckoned the most delicate part of the animal. Its beef too is by no means despicable, though far from equalling the pride of Smithfield. The tit-bit hump has been known to weigh 50 lb. ! What a dish for an alderman. The *Zebra* differs but little from the preceding breed. "The whole of the breeds are treated with great veneration by the Hindoos, who hold it sinful to deprive them of life under any pretext whatever. But they do not in general scruple to make the animals labour for their benefit; although they consider it the height of impiety to eat of their flesh. A select number are, however, even exempted from all services, and have the privilege of straying about the towns and villages, and of taking their food wheresoever they please, if not sufficiently supplied by the contributions of the devotees who impose on themselves this charitable office."

In the description of the *Squirrel Pettaurus*, (resembling the Flying Squirrel) we find the following anecdote related by Mr. Broderip:—

"On board a vessel sailing off the coast of New Holland was a Squirrel *Pettaurus*, which was permitted to roam about the ship. On one occasion it reached the mast-head, and as the sailor, who was despatched to bring it down, approached, made a spring from aloft to avoid him. At this moment the

ship gave a heavy lurch, which, if the original direction of the little creature's course had been continued, must have plunged it into the sea. All who witnessed the scene, were in pain for its safety; but it suddenly appeared to check itself, and so to modify its career, that it alighted safely on deck." Upon this fact, the Editor felicitously observes, "Does it not demonstrate something like the existence in these organs of a certain degree of subservience to the will, sufficient at least to counteract the original impulse by which they were put in motion, and to turn aside their course on the appearance of any sudden danger?" This squirrel seldom quits the inner part of its cage until the approach of evening, when it becomes extremely lively and active.

Next are three varieties of *Monkeys*; of one of them, the *Entellus*, a native of Ceylon, it is related that "such is the respect in which they are held by the natives, that, whatever ravages they may commit, the latter dare not venture to destroy them, and only endeavour to scare them away by their cries. Emboldened by this impunity, the monkeys come down from the woods in large herds," and devour figs, cocoa-nuts, apples, pears, and even potatoes and cabbages, which form their favourite spoil.

The *Leopard* is beautifully engraved. In some excellent observations on the feline tribe generally, prefixed to its description, is the following, accounting for their strength of jaw; "the muscles which move the lower jaw are of great bulk, and the point on which they immediately act is brought so far forwards, in consequence of the breath and shortness of the muzzled, as to give them the highest degree of attainable force."

The *Brown Bear*. From the Editor's enumeration it appears that "instead of the solitary species (of Bear) known to Linnæus, there are now recognised no less than eight, while five others may be regarded as in abeyance," waiting the decision of naturalists. Every one of the eight allowed species has been living within the last five or six years in London. Five are at the present moment exhibited in the Society's Menagerie, two others form part of its museum, and the eighth, the Grisly Bears of America, has been represented for nearly twenty years by a noble specimen in the Menagerie of the Tower. Such are the advances which this department of zoology has made since the days of Linnæus." Among the notices of bears, we learn that at Berne, by a regulation

of the police, "all the unripe fruit that was brought to market was ordered to be given to the bears."

The *American Black Bear* is a finely pictured fellow. There is a beautiful trait of affection corroborated in the letter-press description. The pregnant females always conceal themselves; and this affords a satisfactory solution of the remarkable fact, that, to use the expression of Brickell, "no man, either Christian or Indian, ever killed a she-bear with young." So true is this, that Dr. Richardson assures us that "after numerous inquiries among the Indians of Hudson's Bay, only one was found who had killed a pregnant bear."

We are not yet half through the volume, but must break off here—at *The American Bison*, by the way, a striking cut to remind us of noticing the remainder of the subjects, or, at least, the most singular of them. This task has cost us five or six hours, but we have been fascinated in our progress by the extreme beauty of the engravings, not forgetting the picturesqueness of the vignettes, or, *tail-pieces*, as we must call them. Many of the illustrative facts are too, new and attractive; and we have thus to thank the editor, artists, and publisher for a very delightful evening's entertainment, the germs of which we have here attempted to convey to our readers.

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#### LOUDON'S MAGAZINE.

THE Number for the current month is extremely attractive. In a week or two we may give some corroborative specimens.

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#### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

##### A MALT-ÈSE MELODY.

BY CHARLES BARCLAY, ESQ. XXX.

"SOBRIETY, cease to be sober,  
Cease, Labour, to dig and be dirty;  
Come drink—and drink deep; 'tis the tenth of  
October,  
One thousand eight hundred and thirty!"  
Oh! Horace, whose surname is Smith,  
Whose stanza I've carved as you see,  
The troubles and terrors we're now compassed  
with  
Were, eighteen years since, sung by thee.

When a liquid, by millions held dear,  
Becomes cheap, there is cause to repine;  
For I feel that, if each man may sell his own  
beer,  
I shall shortly be laid upon mine.  
Even now, as I write it, my eye fills  
With sorrow's sad essence of salt;  
Revolutions in Malta are innocent trifles  
To this revolution in malt!

Ten thousand let loose from their lairs,  
Stagger forth to effect our undoing;  
And the press, predetermined to treat us as  
beasts,

Now issues a Treatise on Brewing.  
The poets all bless the new law,  
And swallow their purl as they wink;  
While artists, who usually drink when they  
draw,

May now go and draw what they drink.

Yet each Blue should indignantly mark  
All those who this measure have planned;  
For, strange though the issue must seem, the  
bright barque

Of Landon may soon strike on land;  
Hannah More, growing less, may be passed;  
While an earthquake may ruin our Hall:  
Even Bowles, while at play, may meet rubbers  
at last,

Since Porter has had such a fall!

The world may well laugh when it wins,  
And its mirth is the knell of our crimes:  
Like the rest of the outs, we look up to the ins,  
For their signs are as signs of the times.  
Who can say where calamity stops?

Where hope puts an end to our cares?  
Alas! we seem destined to carry our hops  
Where the kangaroos thrive upon theirs.

How sweet wert thou, sweetwort! until  
The tempest came growling so near:  
Till ruthless Economy came with its bill,  
Like a vulture, and steeped it in beer.  
Reduction's among the court-beauties,  
Just now; and there might be a plan,  
As the Don and his Sancho are taking off duties,  
To take the Whole Duty off Man.

The nation seems caught in the net  
Where the foes of Mendicity lurk,  
And fearing abuse, is determined to set  
The beer, like the beggars—to work.  
It at least will supply us with cuts  
To the Tale of a Tub we must learn:  
So that having long prospered and flourish'd on  
butts,

We have now become butts in our turn.

From eagles we sink into bats,  
And flit round a desolate home;  
While those of each firm who can room from  
their vats,

May visit thy Vatican, Rome!  
And there, growing classic, we'll move  
Great Bacchus to back us alone:  
Who, hating mean malt, may yet kindly approve  
This wine while he's drinking his own.

Yet this we must all of us feel,  
And while we admit it we weep,  
The profession is far less select and genteel  
Since beer became vulgar and cheap.  
But "I'm ill at these numbers"—they're o'er!

Both pathos and bathos have fled;  
The world, were I dead, would not want a  
Whitmore,

For it knows that I'm not a Whit-bread!  
*Monthly Magazine.*

#### THE FORGER.

*From the Diary of a late Physician.*

A groom, in plain livery, left a card at my house one afternoon during my absence, on which was the name "Mr. Gloucester, No. —, Regent-street;" and in pencil the words, "Will thank Dr. — to call this evening." As my red-book was lying on the table at the time, I looked in it, from mere casual curiosity, to see whether the name of "Gloucester" appeared there—but it did not. I concluded, therefore, that

my new patient must be a recent comer. About six o'clock that evening, I drove to Regent-street, sent in my card, and was presently ushered by the manservant into a spacious apartment, somewhat showily furnished. The mild retiring sunlight of a July evening was diffused over the room; and ample crimson window-curtains, half drawn, mitigated the glare of the gilded picture-frames which hung in great numbers round the walls. There was a large round table in the middle of the room, covered with papers, magazines, books, cards, &c.; and, in a word, the whole aspect of things indicated the residence of a person of some fashion and fortune. On a side-table lay several pairs of boxing-gloves, foils, &c. &c. The object of my visit, Mr. Gloucester, was seated on an elegant ottoman, in a pensive posture, with his head leaning on his hand, which rested on the table. He was engaged with the newspaper when I was announced. He rose as I entered, politely handed to me a chair, and then resumed his seat on the ottoman. His countenance was rather pleasing—fresh-coloured, with regular features, and very light auburn hair, which was adjusted with a sort of careless fashionable negligence.

After some hurried expressions of civility, Mr. Gloucester informed me that he had sent for me on account of a deep depression of spirits, to which he was latterly subject. He proceeded to detail many of the symptoms of a disordered nervous system. He was tormented with vague apprehensions of impending calamity; could not divest himself of an unaccountable trepidation of manner, which, by attracting observation, seriously disconcerted him on many occasions; felt incessantly tempted to the commission of suicide; loathed society; disrelished his former scenes of amusement; had lost his appetite; passed restless nights, and was disturbed with appalling dreams. His pulse, tongue, countenance, &c. corroborated the above statement of his symptoms. I asked him whether any thing unpleasant had occurred in his family? Nothing of the kind. Disappointed in an *affaire du cœur*? Oh, no. Unsuccessful at play? By no means—he did not play. Well—had he any source of secret annoyance which could account for his present depression? He coloured, seemed embarrassed, and apparently hesitating whether or not he should communicate to me what weighed on his spirits. He, however, seemed determined to keep me in ignorance, and with some altera-

tion of manner, said, suddenly, that it was only a constitutional nervousness—his family were all so—and he wished to know whether it was in the power of medicine to relieve him. I replied that I would certainly do all that lay in my power, but that he must not expect any sudden and miraculous effect from the medicines I might prescribe;—that I saw clearly he had something on his mind which oppressed his spirits—that he ought to go into cheerful society—he sighed—seek change of air—that, he said, was, under circumstances, impossible. I rose to go. He gave me two guineas, and begged me to call the next evening. I left, not knowing what to make of him. To tell the plain truth, my suspicion was that he was neither more nor less than a systematic London sharper—a gamester—a hanger-on about town, and that he had sent for me in consequence of some of those sudden alternations of fortune to which the lives of such men are subject. I was by no means anxious for a prolonged attendance on him.

About the same time next evening I paid him a second visit. He was stretched on the ottoman, enveloped in a gaudy dressing-gown, with his arms folded on his breast, and his right foot hanging over the side of the ottoman, and dangling about as if in search of a stray slipper. I did not like this elaborately careless and conceited posture. A decanter or two, with some wine-glasses, stood on the table. He did not rise on my entering, but, with a languid air, begged me to be seated in a chair opposite him. "Good evening, doctor—good evening," said he in a low and hurried tone; "I am glad you are come, for if you had not, I'm sure I don't know what I should have done. I'm deucedly low to-night."

"Have you taken the medicines I prescribed, Mr. Gloucester?" I inquired, feeling his pulse, which fluttered irregularly, indicating a high degree of nervous excitement. He had taken most of the physic I had ordered, he said, but without perceiving any effect from it. "In fact, doctor," he continued, starting from his recumbent position to his feet, and walking rapidly three or four paces to and fro, "d—n me, if I know what's come to me. I feel as if I could cut my throat." I insinuated some questions for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any hereditary tendency to *insanity* in his family—but it would not do. "He saw," he said, "what I was *driving at*," but I was "on a wrong scent."

"Come, come, doctor!—after all, there's nothing like *wine* for low spirits, is there? D—me, doctor, drink—drink. Only taste that claret"—and after pouring out a glass for me, which ran over the brim on the table—his hand was so unsteady—he instantly gulped down two glasses himself. There was a vulgar offensive familiarity in his manner, from which I felt inclined to stand off; but I thought it better to conceal my feelings. I was removing my glove from my right hand, and putting my hat and stick on the table, when, seeing a thin slip of paper lying on the spot where I intended to place them—apparently a bill or promissory note—I was going to hand it over to Mr. Gloucester; but, to my astonishment, he suddenly sprang towards me, snatched from me the paper, with an air of ill-disguised alarm, and crumpled it up into his pocket, saying hurriedly,—“Ha, ha, doctor—d—me!—this same little bit of paper—didn't see the *name*, eh? 'Tis the bill of an extravagant young friend of mine, whom I've just come down a cool hundred or two for—and it wouldn't be the handsome thing to let his name appear—ha—you understand?” He stammered confusedly, directing to me as sudden and penetrating a glance as I ever encountered. I felt excessively uneasy, and inclined to take my departure instantly. My suspicions were now confirmed—I was sitting familiarly with a swindler—a gambler—and the bill he was so anxious to conceal, was evidently wrung from one of his ruined dupes. My demeanour was instantly frozen over with the most distant and frigid civility. I begged him to be re-seated, and allow me to put a few more questions to him, as I was in great haste. I was thus engaged, when a heavy knock was heard at the outer door. Though there was nothing particular in it, Mr. Gloucester started, and turned pale. In a few moments I heard the sound of altercation—the door of the room in which we sat was presently opened, and two men entered. Recollecting suddenly a similar scene in my own early history, I felt faint. There was no mistaking the character or errand of the two fellows, who now walked up to where we were sitting: they were two sullen Newgate myrmidons, and—gracious God!—had a warrant to arrest Mr. Gloucester for *FORGERY*! I rose from my chair, and staggered a few paces, I knew not whither. I could scarce preserve myself from falling on the floor. Mr. Gloucester, as soon as he caught sight of the officers, fell back on the ottoman—sud-

denly pressed his hand to his heart—turned pale as death, and gasped, breathless with horror.

"Gentlemen—what—what—do you want here?"

"Isn't your name E— T—?" asked the elder of the two, coolly and unconcernedly.

"N—o—my name is Glou—cester," stammered the wretched young man, almost inaudibly.

"*Gloucester*, eh?—oh, d—me, none of that there sort of blarney! Come, my kiddy—caged at last, eh? We've been long after you, and now you must be off with us directly. Here's your passport," said one of the officers pointing to the warrant. The young man uttered a deep groan, and sunk senseless on the sofa.

(The officers convey him away. The doctor quits him.)

The papers of the next morning explained all. The young man "living in Regent Street, in first-rate style," who had summoned me to visit him, had committed a series of forgeries, for the last eighteen months to a great amount, and with so much secrecy and dexterity, as to have, till then, escaped detection; and had, for the last few months, been enjoying the produce of his skilful villainy in the style I witnessed—passing himself off, in the circles where he associated, under the assumed name of *Gloucester*. The immediate cause of his arrest was forging the acceptance of an eminent mercantile house to a bill of exchange for 45*l*. Poor fellow! it was short work with him afterwards. He was arraigned at the next September sessions of the Old Bailey—the case clearly proved against him—he offered no defence—was found guilty, and sentenced to death. Shortly after this, while reading the papers one Saturday morning, at breakfast, my eye lit on the usual gloomy annunciation of the recorder's visit to Windsor, and report to the king in council of the prisoners found guilty at the last Old Bailey Sessions—"all of whom," the paragraph concluded, "his majesty was graciously pleased to respite during his royal pleasure, except E— T—, on whom the law is left to take its course next Tuesday morning."

Transient, and any thing but agreeable, as had been my intimacy with this miserable young man, I could not read this intelligence with indifference. He whom I had so very lately seen surrounded with the life-bought luxuries of a man of wealth and fashion, was now shivering the few remaining hours of his life

in the condemned cells of Newgate!—The next day (Sunday) I entertained a party of friends at my house to dinner; to which I was just sitting down when one of the servants put a note into my hand, of which the following is a copy:

"The chaplain of Newgate is earnestly requested by E— T— (the young man sentenced to suffer for forgery next Tuesday morning), to present his humble respects to Dr. —, and solicit the favour of a visit from him in the course of to-morrow (Monday). The unhappy convict, Mr. — believes, has something on his mind, which he is anxious to communicate to Dr. —. Newgate, September 28th, 182—."

I felt it impossible, after perusing this note, to enjoy the company I had invited. What on earth could the culprit have to say to me?—what unreasonable request might he put me to the pain of refusing?—ought I to see him at all?—were questions which I incessantly proposed to myself during the evening, but felt unable to answer. I resolved, however, at last, to afford him the desired interview, and be at the cell of Newgate in the course of the next evening, unless my professional engagements prevented me. About six o'clock, therefore, on Monday, after fortifying myself with a few extra glasses of wine—for why should I hesitate to acknowledge that I apprehended much distress and agitation from witnessing so unusual a scene?—I drove to the Old Bailey, drew up opposite the governor's house, and was received by him very politely. He dispatched a turnkey to lead me to the cell where my late patient, the *soi-disant* Mr. Gloucester, was immured in chilling expectancy of his fate.

Surely horror has appropriated these gloomy regions for her peculiar dwelling-place! Who that has passed through them once can ever forget the long, narrow, lamp-lit passages—the sepulchral silence, save where the ear is startled with the clangour of iron doors closing harshly before and behind—the dimly-seen spectral figure of the prison-patrol gliding along with loaded blunderbuss—and the chilling consciousness of being surrounded by so many fiends in human shape—inhaling the foul atmosphere of all the concentrated crime and guilt of the metropolis! My heart leaped within me to listen even to my own echoing foot-falls; and I felt several times inclined to return without fulfilling the purpose of my visit.

(To be concluded in our next.)



## St. Leonard's Monastery, Stamford.



This interesting relic of monastic times is described at some length in Mr. Drakard's valuable *History of Stamford* :—

The monastery of Black Monks, or Benedictines, dedicated to St. Leonard,\* was situated about a quarter of a mile east of Stamford, near the river. The order was founded by St. Benedict,† and was brought into England in 596, by Austin. This building was begun about the year 658, at the same time with Peterborough Minster; but was finished somewhat earlier, and was the oldest conventual church in all South Mercia. It was founded by St. Wilfrid, the elder, who, being educated at Lincoln, gave it to the Benedictine monks of that city.

Wilfrid was born in the year 634, and displaying in his childhood an uncommon propensity to knowledge, he was sent, under the patronage of Eanfleda, wife to Oswi, King of the Northumbrians, to the convent of Lindisfarne, to be taught

\* St. Leonard, a Frenchman, born at Le Naus, was made bishop of Limousin, and obtained permission of the King to set all captives free whom he visited. He is, therefore, still looked upon as the patron of prisoners. He died about the year 579.

† St. Benedict was an Italian, and born at Mercia. He is considered the father of all the monks in Europe, and until the reign of William the Conqueror, his was the only order in the whole nation. Among other monkish legends it is said, that, when the Goths invaded Italy, and set fire to his cell, the flames burnt round him in a circle, and would not touch him: and that, being afterwards put into a hot oven, he still remained unhurt, his clothes not being even singed. He died March the 21st, 542.

and educated. There he was the disciple of Cedda, a monk, who had been chamberlain to the king. After this, he travelled into Italy and Gaul, and at his return was made preceptor to Prince Alhfrid, Oswi's son. This prince, to reward his care and piety, gave him lands at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, to maintain a monastery of ten families. Here he erected the priory to the honour of St. Leonard. He afterwards founded a considerable monastery at Ripon, in Yorkshire. In 669, Wilfrid was consecrated Archbishop of York, and in 678, expelled from that see; but travelling the next year to Rome, on pleading his cause before Pope Agatho, he was acquitted and restored. In 691, he was again expelled; and in 703, taking another journey to Rome, and making his appeal to Pope John VI., he was a second time restored to his bishopric. He afterwards became possessed of some property at Oundle, where he died in 709.

In 1082, the monastery was rebuilt by William the Conqueror and William Kairliph, Bishop of Durham, who gave it to the priory and convent of that place.

The side aisles are both destroyed: these, when standing, made an extensive front, which, doubtless, was a beautiful specimen of workmanship. According to Mr. Peck, it was also twice its present length, and even then beyond the nave ascended the steeple, which



was flanked by the cross aisles, and terminated by the choir. He concludes, therefore, that what is now standing is not a fifth part of the original building, although it is an extensive portion of the nave of the church. It measures thirty-three feet, and is much admired for its Norman door-way, which is composed of a central and two smaller side-arches, with pointed and dental mouldings, supported by clustered and open pillars. The windows are in the same style, and their narrowness, together with the painted glass they contained, would doubtless have rendered the interior of the building very gloomy and obscure, had not the great number of lamps, which were kept continually burning, afforded a substitute for the purer light of heaven. The door-way was repaired a few years since by the late Marquess of Exeter; but some parts of it are still in a mutilated state. At present, however, it exhibits enough to awaken the curiosity of the stranger, and also to excite the interest of the acute antiquary. This house was used as a cell to the monastery of Durham, and served as a nursery for young monks to study under their seniors; as a place of punishment for those who were banished from their principal houses; and also for the recess of eminent persons, who, being ill-treated by the king, pope, or their own monasteries, chose to leave them, and live here in retirement. For some reason of the latter description, this monastery became the residence of Sir Henry de Stamford, during the latter part of his life, which ended in 1320, and he was buried in the choir before the high altar. He is said to have been born on St. Leonard's day, elected bishop on St. Leonard's day, and buried in St. Leonard's church; and ancient superstitious records, that, after his interment, a light was seen shining on his grave like a sunbeam.

St. Leonard's had the manor of Cuthbert's\* fee, which belonged to the cathedral church of Durham (dedicated to the latter saint), as part of its possessions; but it paid 8*l.* per annum to the Abbot of Croyland.

It was valued at 25*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.* per annum by Dugdale, at 36*l.* by Rymer, and at 36*l.* 17*s.* by Speed; and was granted in the fifth of Edward VI. to Sir W. Cecil, by whose heirs it is still retained. The remains are now used as a storehouse for bark, and with the small manor ad-

joining, is still called St. Cuthbert's fee. Six stone coffins were dug up, about forty years ago, by a Mr. Ridlington, who levelled the hill before the north front of the mansion house: they were arranged alongside each other, and covered over, but dust was the only vestige of mortality which they contained.

## The Selector;

### AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

#### FRANCE.

THE twelfth volume of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* consists of the first portion of a History of France, by Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe, whose name, by the way, has of late been attached to several novels of considerable graphic power. We wish Mr. Crowe well in his new vocation, and are even glad to see his time and talents directed from novel-writing to the more useful labour of condensing a national history. His taste will doubtless enable him to give a few touches to narratives of events which will relieve the occasionally unattractive style of history.

Criticism from us on this book is out of the question, and we do not affect to analyze its merits. All we do in these cases is to cut open the pages of the book, and glance at a few of the most striking events; for which we have great facility in the head-lines of all the *Cabinet* histories—each line denoting the contents of the page.

France is a fine field for the historian. Its annals are studded with splendid events. It abounds with episodes of a brilliant and stirring character. The present volume extends from the Merovingians and Carolingians, A.D. 400, to the death of Henry IV. 1610—upwards of 1,200 years in less than 400 pages. The great events are, however, vividly, if not elaborately told; and their great names glitter over the pages like spear-heads in battle array. Only think of Charlemagne, the Crusades, St. Louis, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Orleans, Joan of Arc, Ravenna, Bayard, Francis I., Pavia, Condé, Guise, and the glittering reign of Henry IV.

We detach a few extracts, just to show the spirit with which characters are sketched, and events narrated:—

#### Joan of Arc.

“Joan of Arc was a native of Domremi on the Meuse, whose low condi-

\* Cuthbert was Archbishop of Canterbury, and flourished about 750. He introduced burying in churches and churchyards, which before was not permitted.

tion, that of tending oxen, could not stifle an enthusiastic and devout temperament. Prophecies floated about the country that a virgin could alone rid France of her enemies. Similar prophecies respecting children and shepherds had prevailed during the crusades, but had not proved fortunate. At an early period these prophecies had fixed the attention of Joan. In her lonely way of life, her imaginative spirit dwelt on them; they became identified with her religious creed. During the state of ecstasy which devotion causes in persons of such sensitive and enthusiastic character, aught that flatters or exalts self is grasped with wild avidity; so closely is mortal baseness allied with our aspirations after immortality. It could not but occur to Joan, that she might be the object of these prophecies; it was but a short and flattering step for her credulity to suppose, to believe, that she was. The idea was bright and dazzling;—she gazed upon it;—it became the object of her constant meditation. When we see that ill success or contradictory events can seldom dissipate illusion in such cases, how strongly must her successes have confirmed hers! The prophecy too was one that realizes itself. To inspire confident hope of victory was the surest way to win it; and this she effected. Never, by human means alone, was miracle wrought more effectually or more naturally.

“Joan won first upon a knight to believe, at least not to condemn, the truth of her mission—which was to deliver France from the English, to raise the siege of Orleans, and bring Charles to be crowned at Rheims. Her credit soon extended from knights to nobles. Charles himself, in that crisis when men grasp at straws, still dreaded the ridicule of being credulous, and the danger of meddling with sorcery; a priest reassured him. The simple, modest, and pious conduct of Joan herself gained upon the monarch, and even upon his warriors. She was provided with armour, attendants, troops; and in this train entered Orleans. The besieged were elated beyond measure; the English, whom her fame had already reached, were proportionally cast down. Superstition was then the ruler of men's minds, the great dispenser of hope and fear; the immediate hand of Providence was seen in every event. The world did not comprehend, nor could it have been reconciled to, that long chain of causes and effects which separates, it might be said which exiles, us of this day from heaven, and renders the Deity, like his Platonic

shadow, careless and uncognizant of human destinies.

“Joan soon sallied forth against the English intrenchments. Already, since the rumour of her presence, they had abandoned the offensive, and even allowed a convoy of provisions to enter the town between their posts. The inactivity of superstitious terror was attributed to Joan's magic influence, and became morally infectious. Suffolk was driven from each of his bastilles, or wooden towers, successively. A fort held by Sir William Gladesdale made the most stubborn resistance. In vain, for a day's space, did the flower of the French continually renew the assault. Joan herself led them, when she was transfixed by an arrow; she fell, and a woman's weakness for an instant showed itself;—she wept; but this paroxysm of sensibility was akin to that of devotion. Her visions came, her protector St. Michael appeared; and if we are to believe the testimony of the French knights, she got up and fought till the gallant Gladesdale was slain and his fort taken. The English immediately raised the siege. Joan, having accomplished so considerable a portion of her promises, would not allow the enemy to be pursued.

“The gratitude of Charles was proportionate to the benefits he had received. He no longer doubted the divine mission of his preserver. A fresh victory obtained over the English at Patay, in which Fastolfe showed a want of courage, and the gallant Talbot was made prisoner, greatly increased the confidence of Charles. Joan proposed to conduct him to be crowned at Rheims. It was distant: many strong towns, that of Troyes for example, intervened, all garrisoned by hostile troops. Still Joan prevailed and kept her word. Troyes surrendered, and Rheims also, where the coronation of Charles VII. fulfilled the mission of the maid of Orleans. Paris itself was next attacked; but this was too hardy an enterprise. Joan was wounded in an assault upon the gate and boulevard St. Honoré, and the French were obliged to retreat. The exploits of Joan were drawing to a term; she was herself aware, and hinted, that much longer time was not allowed her. She was taken by the English as she headed a *sortie* from Compeigne. Her capture was considered tantamount to a victory: it was one, however, replete with dishonour to the English. They bound and used every cruelty towards the hapless maid of Orleans; raised accusations of sorcery against her, whose

only crime was man's first duty, to make a religion of patriotism. With all the meanness and cruelty of inquisitors, they laid snares for her weakness, and employed every effort to shake her confidence in her own purity and virtue. She yielded a moment under their menaces and false promises, through exhaustion and hunger, but she always rallied back to courage, averred her holy mission, and defied her foes. She was burnt in the old market-place of Rouen, 'a blessed martyr' in her country's cause."

#### *Death of Bayard.*

"The spring of 1524 brought on an action, if the attack of one point can be called such, which proved decisive for the time. Bonnivet advanced rashly beyond the Tesino. The imperialists, commanded by four able generals, Lannoi, Pescara, Bourbon, and Sforza, succeeded in almost cutting off his retreat. They at the same time refused Bonnivet's offer to engage. They hoped to weaken him by famine. The Swiss first murmured against the distress occasioned by want of precaution. They deserted across the river, and Bonnivet, thus abandoned, was obliged to make a precipitate and perilous retreat. A bridge was hastily flung across the Sessia, near Romagnano; and Bonnivet, with his best knights and gendarmes, undertook to defend the passage of the rest of the army. The imperialists, led on by Bourbon, made a furious attack. Bonnivet was wounded, and he gave his place to Bayard, who, never entrusted with a high command, was always chosen for that of a forlorn hope. The brave Vandenesse was soon killed; and Bayard himself received a gun-shot through the reins. The gallant cavalier, feeling his wound mortal, caused himself to be placed in a sitting posture beneath a tree, his face to the enemy, and his sword fixed in guise of a cross before him. The constable Bourbon, who led the imperialists, soon came up to the dying Bayard, and expressed his compassion. 'Weep not for me,' said the cavalier, 'but for thyself. I die in performing my duty; thou art betraying thine.'"

#### *Francis I. made prisoner at the Battle of Pavia.*

"Francis had received several wounds, one in the forehead; and his horse, struck with a ball in the head, reared, fell back, and crushed him with his weight: still Francis rose, and laid prostrate several of the enemies that rushed upon him. At this moment he was re-

cognised by Pomperant, the only companion of Bourbon's flight. This gentleman sprang to his aid, fell an instant as if for pardon at the monarch's feet, and then rose to defend him. He at the same time counselled Francis to surrender, telling him that Bourbon was near. The king, enraged at the name, protested he would rather die than surrender to the traitor. Pomperant therefore sent for Lannoi, the viceroy of Naples, to whom Francis yielded his sword.

"Such was the signal defeat that put an end to all French conquests and claims in Italy. Francis wrote the following brief letter to his mother:—'All is lost, madam, save honour and life.' He was removed to the castle of Pizzighitona, till the emperor's pleasure should be known."

#### *Duel between Jarnac and Chataigneraie.*

"The famous duel between Jarnac and Chataigneraie, was the first striking event of Henry's reign. They had both been pages in the court of Francis I. Chataigneraie was a stout youth, given to quarrel, skilled at his weapon, and renowned for his hardihood: he excelled in those rude and martial exercises which the dauphin Henry loved, and was consequently a favourite with him. Jarnac, on the contrary, was a beau, given to gallantry, and fond of dress and elegance; a taste which he indulged to an extent beyond his apparent means. It happened that once in the society of Henry, Chataigneraie, contemning such taste, and such a mode of life, asked Jarnac, where he found resources for such expense? Jarnac replied, 'that although his father was liberal in his allowances, yet that he had obtained an increase of funds through his step-mother, with whom he had made himself a favourite.' This passed; but Chataigneraie construed the words of Jarnac into an insinuation that he enjoyed the favour of his step-mother in a criminal sense. He mentioned this to Henry, who repeated it to Diana of Poitiers. The calumny circulated in whispers, and at length reached the ears of Jarnac's father. The son was summoned. In horror he disavowed the crime, and succeeded in exculpating himself.—He followed this up by appearing before Francis in the presence of the court, and declaring, that whoever had given birth to such a report, 'lied in his throat.' The dauphin took this deadly insult to himself: he, however, could not come forward. The rude Chataigneraie did, and asserted, that he had heard Jarnac boast of having been too intimate with

his step-mother. A challenge, of course, was the consequence, and Francis was besought by the antagonists to appoint the field for a combat, the issue of which was to decide the guilt or innocence of Jarnac. Francis, however, forbade the duel, either averse to the absurd principle of judicial combat, or aware how much the imprudence of his son had been the occasion of the quarrel.—On Henry's accession Jarnac renewed his challenge and demand. The king consented—the lists were prepared at St. Germain—Henry and his court were witnesses. When the antagonists met in the enclosed field, the slender Jarnac seemed unable to resist the powerful Chataigneraie: he retired before his blows, covering himself with his buckler, until seizing an opportunity he wounded his adversary in the back of the leg, and completely disabled him. The victor, however, spared his adversary. Having in vain asked Chataigneraie to recall the calumnies that he had uttered, Jarnac advanced towards the monarch, and, by the usual courtesy of placing it at the sovereign's disposal, waved his right to his enemy's life. The fierce Chataigneraie scorned to be thus spared: he refused surgical aid; even tore his wounds open when they had been dressed, and died. Such was the judicial combat in which may be said to have originated the modern duel."

#### A SCANDINAVIAN VISION.

SAXO GRAMMATICUS tells us of the fame of two Norse princes, or chiefs, who had formed what was called a brotherhood in arms, implying not only the firmest friendship and constant support during all the adventures which they should undertake in life, but binding them by a solemn compact, that after the death of either, the survivor should descend alive into the sepulchre of his brother-in-arms, and consent to be buried along with him. The task of fulfilling this dreadful compact fell upon Asmund, his companion Assueit, having been slain in battle.—The tomb was formed after the ancient northern custom, in what was called the age of hills—that is, when it was usual to bury persons of distinguished merit or rank on some conspicuous spot, which was crowned with a mound. With this purpose a deep narrow vault was constructed, to be the apartment of the future tomb over which the sepulchral heap was to be piled. Here they deposited arms, trophies, poured forth, perhaps, the blood of victims, introduced into the tomb the war-horses of the

champions, and when these rites had been duly paid, the body of Assueit was placed in the dark and narrow house, while his faithful brother-in-arms entered and sat down by the corpse, without a word or look which testified regret or unwillingness to fulfil his fearful engagement. The soldiers who had witnessed this singular interment of the dead and living, rolled a huge stone to the mouth of the tomb, and piled so much earth and stones above the spot as made a mound visible from a great distance, and then, with loud lamentation for the loss of such undaunted leaders, they dispersed themselves like a flock which has lost its shepherd.

Years passed away after years, and a century had elapsed, ere a noble Swedish rover, bound upon some high adventure, and supported by a gallant band of followers, arrived in the valley, which took its name from the tomb of the brethren-in-arms. The story was told to the strangers, whose leader determined on opening the sepulchre, partly because, as already hinted, it was reckoned a heroic action to brave the anger of departed heroes by violating their tombs; partly to attain the arms and swords of proof with which the deceased had done their great actions. He set his soldiers to work, and soon removed the earth and stones from one side of the mound, and laid bare the entrance. But the stoutest of the rovers started back when, instead of the silence of a tomb, they heard within horrid cries, the clash of swords, the clang of armour, and all the noise of a mortal combat between two furious champions. A young warrior was let down into the profound tomb by a cord, which was drawn up shortly after, in hopes of news from beneath. But when the adventurer descended, some one threw him from the cord, and took his place in the noose. When the rope was pulled up, the soldiers, instead of their companion, beheld Asmund, the survivor of the brethren-in-arms. He rushed into the open air, his sword drawn in his hand, his armour half torn from his body, the left side of his face almost scratched off, as by the talons of some wild beast. He had no sooner appeared in the light of day, than, with the improvisatory poetic talent which these champions often united with heroic strength and bravery, he poured forth a string of verses containing the history of his hundred years' conflict within the tomb. It seems that no sooner was the sepulchre closed, than the corpse of the slain Assueit arose from the ground, inspired by some ravenous goule, and

having first torn to pieces and devoured the horses which had been entombed with them, threw himself upon the companion who had just given him such a sign of devoted friendship, in order to treat him in the same manner. The hero, no way disheartened by the horrors of his situation, took to his arms, and defended himself manfully against Assueit, or rather against the evil demon who tenanted that champion's body. In this manner the living brother waged a preternatural combat, which had endured during a whole century, when Asmund, at last obtaining the victory, prostrated his enemy, and by driving, as he boasted, a stake through his body, had finally reduced him to the state of quiet becoming a tenant of the tomb. Having chanted the triumphant account of his contest and victory, this mangled conqueror fell dead before them. The body of Assueit was taken out of the tomb, burnt, and the ashes dispersed to heaven; whilst that of the victor, now lifeless, and without a companion, was deposited there, so that it was hoped his slumbers might remain undisturbed.—The precautions taken against Assueit's reviving a second time, remind us of those adopted in the Greek islands, and in the Turkish provinces, against the Vampire. It affords also a derivation of the ancient English law in case of suicide, when a stake was driven through the body, originally to keep it secure in the tomb.—*Scott's Demonology.*

### The Anecdote Gallery.

FRENCH REVOLUTION IN 1830.

(From *Galignani's Narrative.*)

"THE mischief and loss of property at the Tuileries during the assault, amount to about 300,000 francs. Some precious articles, as Sevres vases, were seen tumbling out of the windows, along with feathers of most costly price, birds of Paradise, &c. Notwithstanding this, every thing considered, the palace escaped wonderfully well. A statue in silver, of Henry IV. while a boy, and a colossal statue of Peace, in silver, were not touched.

"Three Irishmen, connected with some iron-works near Paris, found it necessary to take shelter in a wine-shop, near the Louvre, at the moment when the whistling of the balls on all sides announced that the contest between the people and the soldiers, for the possession of that palace, was raging at its highest. They called for some wine,

and the bottle was no sooner uncorked, and placed upon the table, than it was carried off by a bullet, entering obliquely from a corner window, and passing out at the one that was opposite. 'By the powers,' exclaimed Pat to his comrades, 'but it's time for us to be off; they are firing *grape-shot*.'

"One of the Royal Guards, during the hottest period of the combat, suddenly threw his musket to the ground, tore off his uniform, and with tears of rage and grief trampled them under his feet. The wretched man, in firing upon the people, had killed his own father!

"A National Guard, whose wife, alarmed for his safety, had secured him, as she hoped, by locks and bolts, hearing the sound of the tocsin, cautiously lowered his arms and accoutrements by a rope into the street, and then let himself down from the first floor, to join his brave companions.

"*Friday, Saturday, &c.*

"The remains of the victims of the bloody conflicts which took place at the Louvre and its vicinity on Thursday, were far too numerous to be interred that day, though *charettes* had been employed during the whole of the afternoon in that melancholy task, which was interrupted only by nightfall. About eighty bodies were left on the enclosed open space opposite the colonnade of the Louvre for the night, and it was resolved on the following morning, in consequence of the difficulty of finding room in the usual places of interment, that they should be buried upon the spot near to which they had so gloriously fallen. Two immense graves were therefore made near the Seine, where they were committed to the earth, and placed between two layers of quicklime. Here a young man perceiving the bloody and mangled body of his brother, threw himself upon it, uttering the most piercing cries. Having obtained a knife, he cut off a lock of hair, and then embracing the corpse, resigned it to the tomb. The citizens rendered the victims the honours due to soldiers and Christians. A discharge of musketry was fired over the grave, and the Abbé Paravey, a priest of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerois, in his robes, consecrated the ground. Many of the inhabitants of Paris attended the ceremony, and threw flowers upon the graves, which have been since visited by hundreds, many of whom have

decked the rude cross which marks the place of interment, with garlands of amaranth (*immortelle*), and such other memorials as humble affection can bestow. During the mournful ceremony above described, a barge, deeply laden, signalized by a black flag, might be seen slowly making its way along the river. This vessel was in strict unison with the melancholy grouping of the scene—it was freighted with the bodies of the dead, from other parts of the city, which were thus conveyed to their last earthly resting-place, at some distance from the capital. These martyrs of liberty proceeded to their destination unattended by the outward forms of general pomp or nodding plume. The time was too busy for the indulgence of grief, and their death was too glorious for regret; they will live for ever in the grateful remembrance of those whom they have freed. Nearly all the soldiery who fell were also carried in boats, and consigned to the grave a few miles from Paris.

"Some anecdotes have been related of the extraordinary courage evinced by females during the conflict, who actually took a part in its bloody scenes; but surely, not less praise is due to the hundreds of those who devoted themselves unremittingly to the generous and more feminine task of providing means of succour and relief for the wounded. Several of the Galleries of Paris, particularly those of Vivienne and Colbert, exhibited a touching spectacle, all the women in their little boutiques, or stalls, being incessantly occupied in preparing lint and bandages, and whatever else might contribute to the service, or mitigate the sufferings of their fellow-citizens. Never were the admirable and frequently quoted lines of Walter Scott so truly applicable:—

" 'Oh! Woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made—  
When care and anguish wring the brow  
A ministering angel thou!'"

### Fine Arts.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

(Concluded from page 255.)

**Music Room.**—This apartment is sixty feet in length. It opens from the great drawing-room and into the picture gallery. It likewise communicates with the armory, from which the egress is by the flight of steps that joins the great staircase, as already described.

Before concluding our remarks on the general style of the state rooms, we should notice some of the details. The floors—for it is not intended that any carpet shall be used—are of inlaid woods of different colours, repeating the designs of the ceilings. The door-cases surpass in elegance every thing of the kind which we have seen in this country, and are even superior to the finest we have met with abroad. They are formed of statuary marble richly sculptured, and with different figures on several of them as large as life—some as caryatides. The cornices of these door-cases are ornamented with infant genii, cornucopias, and baskets of flowers. In their design and execution, these sculptures are not only exquisite specimens of art, but a classic feeling pervades them of a very refined character. Hitherto, in this country, sculptural ornament has been principally, if not entirely, confined to chimney-pieces; in this palace, however, not only are the door-cases and chimney-pieces noble examples of sculpture, but historical or allegorical bas-reliefs, executed by the first talent in the country, are to adorn compartments in all the state rooms.

The general effect of these rooms is in accordance with the style and character of the building itself. Greatness is not attempted, but ornamented elegance is carried to its utmost extent. Grandeur is not wanting; but magnitude in the parts certainly is, owing to the circumstance of the building having been originally designed, not for a palace of state, but only as a residence for the King; and yet it is a vast pile. Had the front been expanded in a straight line, instead of being a hollow square, it would, without containing more accommodation, have presented a façade more than four times the extent of that of the Register Office in Edinburgh.

The great beauty of Buckingham Palace is the impress of nationality which it exhibits: all the ornaments, as will be seen by the descriptive catalogue of the sculptures, have been formed to gratify the national predilections, and executed with the highest skill and taste which the age affords, as the names of the artists employed on them will verify.

One thing we had almost forgotten—the *Chapel*. It is formed of the octagonal apartment of the library of George III. We have no doubt, when finished, that it will be one of the finest things for its extent in the whole world, inasmuch as the compartments of the walls are to be adorned with the cartoons of Raphael from Hampton Court. But we take



leave to protest against this removal, and forbid his Majesty to attempt it. Being, however, of his council in matters of taste, we advise his Majesty to give orders to the painters of his own time to prepare pictures that shall, if possible, equal, if not excel, the cartoons. The age does not require that the old Penates of the palaces of other kings should be removed to ornament an edifice of this time, which ought to exhibit the actual state of the arts. Let the cartoons remain where they are, in their own special gallery. Nothing that has not been formed in his Majesty's own time, or by his orders, should be allowed to come within the walls of Buckingham Palace. We can easily appreciate the feelings which dictated the order for the removal of the cartoons, but we think it would be as well were it re-considered.

Buckingham Palace, besides being a residence for the King, contains several private houses of an elegant description, viz. a residence for an heir apparent, houses for the lord chamberlain and the lord steward, and two other houses which have not yet been appropriated. It is not, however, our object to describe the details, but only those parts in which the splendour of the building may be said to be concentrated; and therefore we shall merely add, that the principal front, in an architectural sense, is that which looks into the garden. It is three hundred and forty-five feet in length, consisting of five highly-ornamented Corinthian towers, the centre one being circular, and surmounted by the dome. A terrace, extending the whole length of this front, between two conservatories in the form of Ionic pavilions, adds greatly to the general effect, by seemingly increasing the elevation, while it spreads a broad base, that augments the apparent strength and grandeur.

It had almost escaped us to observe, that the meanness of the entrance for the public on gala days to the sovereign, although it be but temporary, is yet such that it ought not to remain. The exterior towards Piccadilly is neat enough, and would do passably for a private gentleman's house; but the moment the door opens, it presents a lobby not more respectable than that of an ordinary inn, and is, besides, very awkward. Two or three steps are to be ascended to reach a platform; from this platform, of some twenty or twenty-five feet in extent, the descent to the corridor is by an equal number of steps: thus literally fulfilling, in going to see the King, what the old song says—

"Up stairs and down stairs, into my lady's chamber."

#### CATALOGUE OF SCULPTURES.

Having described the triumphal arch, we shall not revert to it here, but confine ourselves to those details which are distributed over the Palace.

*North Wing.*—The three statues on the portico represent Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey.—The tympanum exhibits the Arts and Sciences; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Rossi. The frieze under the portico exhibits the emblems of the four Seasons; designed and executed by Rossi.

*South Wing.*—The three statues on the portico represent Astronomy, Geography, and History; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The tympanum exhibits the Muses; designed and executed by Bailey. The frieze under the portico exhibits Britannia distributing rewards to the Arts and Sciences, as they are presented by Minerva and Apollo; designed and executed by Bailey.

*Main Front to the Court.*—The statues on the portico are Neptune, Commerce, and Navigation; designed and executed by Bailey. The tympanum exhibits the triumph of Britannia on the waves; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Bailey. The frieze under the portico exhibits the progress of navigation in compartments. 1st. The birth of navigation, as an infant within the lotus. 2nd. The Genius contemplating the nautilus. 3rd. The Genius in a boat, holding a sail in his hands, and proceeding before the wind. 4th. The Genius in a boat, with a mast and yard, to which the sail is fixed. 5th. The forging of the anchor by two genii. 6th. The Genius in a boat on the open sea, sailing by the compass, which he holds in his hand. This allegory is very prettily told; but there should have been a seventh compartment, representing the Genius in a steam-boat. The design is by Westmacott, and executed by Carew.

*Garden Front.*—The dome is surrounded by statues of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, Faith, Hope, and Charity; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Rossi. On the one side is Alfred expelling the Danes, in bas-relief, consisting of thirty figures; designed by Flaxman, and executed by Westmacott; and, on the other, Alfred delivering the laws, consisting of twenty figures, also designed by Flaxman, and executed by Westmacott. These two fine compositions are intended to repre-



sent the final establishment of the English monarchy.

**Entrance Hall.**—Twenty-two statues are to be the ornaments of this apartment.

**Staircase.**—It contains four large bas-reliefs, descriptive of the Seasons; designed by Stoddart, and modelled by his son. It is also to contain four groups, one in each angle.

**Throne Room.**—Bas-reliefs, all relating to the battle of Bosworth Field; designed by Stoddart, and executed by Bailey. It was by that event that the royal family, as descendants of the Tudors, came to the throne.

**North Drawing Room.**—Twelve compartments, representing the progress of Pleasure; designed and executed by Pitts.

**Bow Room.**—Bas-reliefs of Harmony, Pleasure, and Elocution; designed and executed by Pitts.

**South Room.**—To be ornamented with designs by Stoddart.

The sculptures of the chimney-pieces and door-cases would form too long a catalogue for our limits; we therefore conclude by remarking, that the names of the artists are an assurance that the best talent in the country is employed: viz.—Bailey, Westmacott, Westmacott, junior, Carew, Pitts, Wyatt, Sievier, Rossi, Thealestor, Chantrey, Behnes, and Stoddart, junior.—*Frazer's Mag.*

### The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.  
SHAKESPEARE.

#### ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

COLUMBUS was the son of a weaver, and a weaver himself.

Rabelais, son of an apothecary.

Claude Lorraine was bred a pastry-cook.

Molière, son of a tapestry maker.

Cervantes served as a common soldier.

Homer was a beggar.

Hesiod was the son of a small farmer.

Demosthenes, of a cutler.

Terence was a slave.

Richardson was a printer.

Oliver Cromwell the son of a brewer.

Howard, an apprentice to a grocer.

Benjamin Franklin, a journeyman printer.

Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, son of a linen-draper.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher.

Whitfield, son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Sir Cloudesley Shovel, rear-admiral of

England, was apprentice to a shoemaker, and afterwards a cabin-boy.

Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey, son of a butcher.

Ferguson was a shepherd.

Neibuhr was a peasant.

Thomas Paine, son of a staymaker at Thetford.

Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot.

Edmund Halley was the son of a soap-boiler at Shoreditch.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, son of a farmer at Ashby de la Zouch.

William Hogarth was put apprentice to an engraver of pewter pots.

Dr. Mountain, Bishop of Durham, was the son of a beggar.

Lucian was the son of a statuery. Virgil, of a potter. Horace of a shop-keeper. Plautus, a baker.

Shakspeare, the son of a woolstapler.

Milton of a money-scrivener.

Cowley, son of a hatter.

Mallett rose from poverty.

Pope, the son of a merchant.

Gay was apprentice to a silk mercer.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was son of a bookseller at Litchfield.

Akenside, son of a butcher at Newcastle.

Collins, son of a hatter.

Samuel Butler, son of a farmer.

Ben Jonson worked for some time as a bricklayer.

Robert Burns was a ploughman in Ayrshire.

Thomas Chatterton, son of the sexton of Redcliffe Church, Bristol.

Thomas Gray was the son of a money scrivener.

Matthew Prior, son of a joiner in London.

Henry Kirke White, son of a butcher at Nottingham.

Bloomfield and Gifford were shoemakers.

Addison, Goldsmith, Otway, and Canning, were sons of clergymen.

Porson, son of a parish-clerk.

M. W.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a dandy like a joint of venison? Because he is a bit of a buck.

What key is the best for a Christmas box? A turkey.

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